Registered No. 95 of 1876.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY LIBRARY

The Bombay Guardian.

VOL. XXI.—New Series.—No. 46. SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1876. Rs. 8 per annum; with Indian Postage Rs. 9-10; to England Rs. 10-7-0.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

WEEKLY REVIEW.

—H. E. the Viceroy of India has interfered to prevent a number of persons from presenting to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales a brief address of welcome, assuring him of their joy in his visit and of their prayers in behalf of himself and of his Royal mother. Curiosity will be aroused to know what class of persons this could have been, and what it was that made it insufferable for them to present an address. Were they scavengers or some other class of the community so low, as to make it undignified for the Prince to be addressed by them? Even in this case, the Prince would have been the best judge of what becomes him. But it appears that the Prince was so far from being unwilling to have communications with the persons who sought to address him, that he actually paid them a visit in person, manifesting in the most unequivocal way his interest in their work. The persons whose address was disallowed by the Governor General were the Christian missionaries of Benares, connected with the Church Missionary, Baptist and London Societies, and the native Christians of their respective missions. The *Calcutta Statesman* speaks out very strongly as to the unworthy course pursued by Lord Northbrook. All other bodies were allowed to present addresses; some Sanscrit addresses were presented by native gentlemen. The *Statesman* supposes that the Viceroy has been influenced by what the *Times of India* said regarding the Prince's reply to the missionaries in Tinnevelly. It seems almost incredible, but it is difficult to find any more likely cause. The address of the Benares missionaries was as simple and harmless as anything could possibly be; but we suppose it was not the presentation of the address that the Viceroy dreaded, but the Prince's reply. The Prince is manly and outspoken, and does not understand how anybody could with a shadow of occasion take offence at his acknowledgment of the interest he takes in Christian Missions. The Constitution of Great Britain does not preclude him from having such sympathies, or from expressing them; and this strange diplomatic care to have every trace of such sympathy banished, will only lead the people of the country to entertain evil surmisings. The frankness and outspokenness of the Prince are better than any diplomacy, and will have a better effect upon the people.

—The Calcutta correspondent of a contemporary, writing, gives a short description of what is termed a "house of rest," provided by a benevolent gentleman in Calcutta for sailors where they can more profitably spend their leisure moments, than in the numerous public-houses that abound in our Indian metropolis. Says the writer:—

"He has fitted up beautifully, in home fashion, with matting and good comfortable chairs, a reading-room, both spacious and airy, where are little tables at which two are three friends can sit and enjoy a quiet time together. There is also a room for Bible classes, prayer-meetings, &c., but the attendance is *purely voluntary*. At the bar there is tea, coffee, lemonade, and soda-water sold at a low price. The whole place is most inviting, and as brilliantly lighted up as any gin-palace in London!

We would suggest something of the same kind for Bombay, where we suppose the number of sailors who waste their money in drink, etc., on shore, is not very much less than in Calcutta, and and where also they are exposed to temptations and snares, to as great an extent.

—Cheering reports of Messrs. Moody and Sanky's work reach us. From last accounts, they were conducting special services in Brooklyn, supported by a numerous body of ministers of various churches, among whom we notice the names of Drs. Talmage, Cuyler and Budington. The meetings are held in a large building called the Rink, situated in the centre of the city. This structure, though it holds from five to seven thousand people, is found insufficient to accommodate the crowds who eagerly seek to gain admission. There appears to be a general shaking-up of the people. A writer, commenting on the movement, remarks—

"Never within the memory of any of the present generation has there been such a real religious interest, as that now pervades Brooklyn and its vicinity. The streets are thronged long before the hour to commence the meetings, with thousands and thousands of people from the ferries; the street cars carry up thousands of people, both from New York and from New Jersey. Even in England the interest never reached such a climax as this."

Week-day prayer meetings are also held in Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, attended by unusually large numbers.

Dr. Talmage, speaking about what the effects of these Revival services will be, says—

"If God comes mightily upon the land, the influence will be felt in the depopulation of the theatres, in the emptying of the gambling hells, in the clearing out of the houses of shame, and in the sweeping of our streets of iniquities and abominations too great to be numbered, or to be told. The Churches of Jesus Christ are arrayed against all these iniquitous things, and they are doing a grand work in their way. But suppose the work begins amid those who are not accustomed to attend upon the sanctuary, and in quarters of the city where they have never felt Christian influences, and the place is wrapped in a conflagration of Christian zeal and enthusiasm, it will be the death-blow to public iniquity; it will be the triumph of virtue and decency and sobriety and faith and heaven. Oh that the God who awakened Glasgow and Edinburg and New Castle-on-Tyne and Liverpool and London, would come to the awakening of our American cities! Down upon your knees, O Church of God, and cry aloud for the blessing!"

—The *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, a Calcutta paper, is all indignation because a certain Bengallee gentleman, Babu Jagadananda, invited His Royal Highness the Prince "to pay a visit to the ladies of his family," and denounces the Babu as one who "has stabbed Hindoo society in its most tender and vital part."

This is the remedy it prescribes for the healing of the wound:

It is to disown Babu Jagadananda as a member of their nation, to cast him off at once. The Hindoo nation has nursed a viper in its breast, a viper who without caring the least for the feelings of his co-religionists, from Comorin to Himalaya, and the honour of the nation, has, for the gratification of a personal vanity, disgraced the whole Hindoo community. The Prince of Wales has given his reward, the offended dignity of the nation might now award its punishment. The Hindoos might not touch him, see him, hold converse with him, or come in contact with his shadow. Hindoo tanks might be closed against him, Hindoo shopkeepers refuse to deal with him, barbers refuse him services and washermen to serve him. He might be left alone, forgotten, forsaken, and cast off."

Unfortunate man!

—The *Bengal Christian Herald* in its last issue, has a piece, taken we presume from a local Roman Catholic journal, regarding Methodist lady-preachers. However amusing the piece may appear in the eyes of the *Herald*, it certainly fails to either amuse or edify us, and we feel surprised that a paper, professedly Christian and Evangelical in its views, should introduce anything of the kind into its columns.

—The United Prayer Meeting will be held in the house of the Rev. T. K. Weatherhead, Girgaum, every Wednesday morning, from half-past seven to half-past eight.

—The Church Missionary Society seems to be an eyesore to the Ceylon correspondent of the *Church Times*. Writing to his paper he observes:

"However much the agents of the Church Missionary Society may wish to appear in England as Churchmen for the sake of subscriptions, &c., here in Ceylon they are commonly regarded as a separate sect."

By whom, we ask, are they regarded as such? We recollect once having a conversation with one of this correspondent's "Catholic-minded clergy," who gave us to understand that his reason for not inviting the Rev. Mr. Sholto Douglas to preach in his church, was that he (Mr. Douglas) preached "erroneous doctrines,"—i.e. doctrines contrary to the teachings of the Common Prayer Book. If then these honoured servants of the Master are regarded by the Ritualistic party as a "separate sect," we marvel not.

Here are some of the grave charges brought against them by the writer:—Preaching in a Wesleyan chapel on behalf of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; burying an unbaptized child whom the Roman Catholics had refused to bury; closing a series of meetings "by celebrating the holy communion in their church (unconsecrated) in Colombo, and admitting dissenters to communion without question;" the conducting of a second series of meetings in "one of the Colombo coffee stores," admitting dissenters to communion again, and allowing a layman to preach.

The writer brings his remarks to a close by saying that he thinks he has said enough "to show that missionaries of the church they certainly are not." Quite true, if the church here is, what is known as the High, or Extreme-Ritual Church.

—Cochin has been the scene of a conflagration. The fire broke out somewhere in the vicinity of Volkart Brothers' oil-yard, and, spreading, burnt down a number of houses. Some native craft were also burnt.

—A soiree was held in the Baptist Chapel last Wednesday evening. A good gathering was present. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, the Rev. J. Urquhart, Mr. Conder, and the Rev. Messrs. Harding, Stothert, Weatherhead and Robbins.

—The following services will be held in the American Mission Chapel, Bhendi Bazaar:

Saturday, Jan. 15th, at 8 to 10 a. m.—Prayer meeting in Marathi, and also addresses. Collection for the Bombay Tract Society; and at 8 P. M. a Christian Kirtan.

Sunday, Jan. 16th, at 9 a.m.—Sermon in Marathi; at 4 P.M. Communion service in Marathi; and at 8 P. M. sermon in English.

The collections at the three services on Sunday will be given to the Tract Society.

—"My son, give me thine heart." "Not yet," said the little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball: "when I grow older I will think about it." The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man; "I am now about to enter into a trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business; my children must now have my care; when they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion." He lived to be a gray-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried: "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing to do but read and pray." And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

—Some one estimates that all the prayers recorded in the Bible could be repeated in thirty-five minutes. Most of them are from one minute to two minutes long. The prayer of Solomon is less than ten minutes. Is there not a lesson and a warning in these facts, which should be noted by Christians? Let us not imagine that we are to be heard for our much speaking.

—If a path be overgrown with moss and briars, it is difficult to trace it; but if well beaten, by being daily walked upon, the way is always kept open. Thus should it be with our pathway to the fountain of Jesus' blood. The oftener we tread this beaten path the better.

The Bombay Guardian.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1876.

CONFIDENCE TOWARDS GOD.

The difference between this world as it is, and as God would have it to be, is the difference between unbelief and faith. The great majority of mankind are without confidence towards God, that is, towards the living and true God, the God that actually is, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. This unbelief manifests itself in the idolatry that is and has been so nearly universal in the world, and in the false conceptions of the character of God among those who discard idolatry. The tendency of man to unbelief is shown in the speedy corruption of the truth where the truth has been grasped. What is it but want of confidence towards God, that causes the Mariolatry of the present day among Roman Catholics? Our readers have not forgotten that vision of a monk narrated in our columns some months ago, sanctioned by high authority, approved by Bishop Meurin, in which two ladders indicated two ways to heaven. At the top of one stood the Lord Jesus Christ; of those who attempted to ascend by this way, some fell soon to the ground, others went a little higher and then fell; but sooner or later almost everybody fell to the ground. Then some saint, high up in the ladder, stooped down and cried to the poor, discomfited sinners, "Run to the other ladder, run to the other ladder; what the severe justice of Christ hinders you from obtaining, the sweet compassion of Mary will secure for you." At the top of the other ladder, stood Mary, all benignity, and what Christ could not by his severe justice do for sinners Mary easily accomplished. By this easier way the baffled candidates for heaven were one and all enabled to obtain salvation. (Purgatory had no place in the vision.) Paul says: What the law could not do in that it was weak through the opposition of the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, dealt with sin instead of the sinner, Christ being made sin for us, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. The modern Gospel of the Romanists changes all this and says: "What Christ could not do, through his unbending love of justice, the Virgin Mary blessedly accomplishes, through her ineffable compassion." The result is that the Romanist will speak of Christ with forced respect, but of the Virgin Mary with the fervency of heart-felt gratitude. The heaven of the modern Romanist thus becomes something entirely different from the heaven seen by John, where every creature was heard saying, "Blessing and honour and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever," and where the account of the redeemed is in these words: "They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

This appalling falsification of the divine way of salvation, is due to the fact that the Romanists, as a body, have been cheated out of the knowledge of the grace of God which is in Christ Jesus. If they could look, without prepossession, into the Gospel and see how Christ received sinners and justified himself for so doing, read the account of the woman that was a sinner, receiving an unconditional pardon for her sins and a power to turn from sin, through faith, the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ would flash upon their astonished gaze, as it did upon that of Luther when he saw that "the just shall live by faith." But the same clerical pride and ambition that put a veil over the unsearchable riches of Christ, invented the worship of Mary as the forlorn hope of sinners. Unbelief, we are told, makes God a liar; and this form of unbelief denies the glorious truth, that it pleased God to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through sufferings, perfect as the Saviour of sinners, perfect in this matter of winning back the confidence of lost sinners, and in the work of saving his people from their sins. Able to save unto the uttermost all who trust in him. Was it a hard thing for the Israelite to look to the brazen serpent? As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosever believeth in him may have everlasting life. "I am the Way, the Truth and the life." For those who are unwilling to be saved *from* their sins, and want to be saved *in* them, there is no salvation possible. They do not believe in the only-begotten Son of God. For a true faith in Christ recognizes him as all sufficient.

Men of the world, even when they admit the truth of what is contained in the Bible, are without faith towards God, and this want of faith cuts them off from salvation as effectually as the greatest amount of acknowledged wickedness does. It is very hard for men to see the guilt of unbelief. And yet, in their daily intercourse with others, they recognize the obligation to yield confidence where it is due. A father, for instance, who has habitually manifested the greatest love to his son, and made many sacrifices to secure for him the best educational advantages, is pierced to the heart when this son withholds confidence from him and gives it fully to some most unworthy persons against whom he had earnestly warned his son. A husband receives the greatest wound he is susceptible of, when the wife of his bosom answers the kindness and devotion of many years, by running off with an odious libertine. In fact, there is no sin that men do not find it easier to forgive than the sin of unbelief. The whole fabric of society is based upon mutual confidence. And yet they take no condemnation to themselves because of their want of faith in God. If a bank fails, a man proclaims himself ruined, and the exhibition of his despair might well cause even a little child to ask, "Is God dead, papa?" The love of God does not appear in the list of assets; it is a thing of no practical account.

Just as men think they are under no special obligation to have confidence in one in a far-off country with whom they have no relations, so looking upon God as far away, uninterested in them, utterly unlike themselves in character, they do not feel that they owe him any particular confidence. But the divine command that we should love Him with all the heart, soul, mind and strength, shows how profoundly he is interested in us. If he did not love on with an extraordinary love, he would not require such a love from us.

If a man will seriously reflect upon it, he will see that he is calumniating God in every one of his perfections, all the day long, all his life long, by his indifference regarding the will of God, the character of God, the promises and the threatenings of God. We are visiting a person; his child asks him for some waste-paper to play with, and he gives him a bundle of notes; we look at one of these, and find it to be a promissory note to pay on demand Rs. 5,000. We ask our host if he knows what he has given to his child. They are of no use to me, he replies; the child may do with them what he likes. We conclude that the notes are fictitions, or that the person who signed them is penniless. Well, it is in this way that men are treating the promises and invitations of God. The least scrap of the word of God is of more value than all the treasures that men make so much of; yet while there is the vestige of a hope anywhere below, men will not look upward.

A striking instance of the terrible tenacity of unbelief, even among those who profess to be content with God's guidance, is in the appointment by the Israelites of twelve spies to visit the land of Canaan, and report upon it. When a competent person has made a clear and definite report of something with which he is thoroughly acquainted, and another report from comparative stranger is called for, this is regarded as a very insulting procedure. Now God had given a report concerning the land of Canaan; it had been specially chosen by him for the abode of the Israelites; yet they cannot rely on God's testimony; twelve of their own number must go and inspect it and bring a report, and then they will decide whether God is to be trusted. In consideration of man's sinful and unable weakness, God condescends to bear with this conduct, in the infancy of man's faith; but he justly expects that his children should make haste to honour him, and learn with Paul to say: "The life that I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin."

GLEANINGS IN EPHESIANS.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth.—iv. 20.

That is corrupt which is corrupting, and whatsoever is against the truth of God is corrupting. Men are very ready to enunciate their opinions; but it would be well to inquire if God has previously expressed his opinion on the same subject, lest we should be found contradicting God. Whatsoever word of ours will tend to create or widen a breach between one man and another, should not be spoken, unless there be a clear necessity. We are responsible for what we say in conversation with a single person; how much more for what we say to a large audience. Woe unto the preacher who utters words calculated to strengthen the power of unbelief or worldliness; who does not speak in a way to arouse men from the lethargy of sleep! Are you an editor? Do you rejoice that your paper is read by thousands? It may tend to your greater condemnation. Do you aim to please men, or God? There is no greater traitor to humanity than the editor whose pen is guided, not by the consideration, What is truth, but by the consideration, What will please my readers. Tried by the standard that God has given, most of the journalistic matter of these days is 'corrupt.'

That it may minister grace.

The implication is that with every Christian there are available stores of grace, which he is commissioned to dispense, and for the communication of which speech is an ordained means. We minister grace to our hearers when we so speak as to win them to Christ and separate them from sin.

Sealed unto the day of redemption, 30.

The Spirit of God in the believer, is the king's seal certifying that this is the king's own, and proclaiming blessings on all who seek the peace of this sealed one, and woes against all who seek his harm. To grieve the Spirit of God by disregarding his promptings, is to make light of the royal seal. Sealed unto the day of redemption; the believer is now like a book that is sealed which men cannot read; "the world knoweth us not, even as it knew him not; when he shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory." It is important to observe that the presence of the Spirit of God with the believer constitutes the sealing, and to grieve him away is to violate the seal. He comes to the believer to abide with him for ever, and will do it, unless banished, quenched by disobedience and unbelief. As many as are the children of God are led by the Spirit of God.

SKETCHES OF OUR ANTIPODES.

III.

THE GREAT RIVER.—(CONTINUED.)

3—Heavy losses of property and often of life are caused by fires. When a steamer at the wharf takes fire, the flames spread so rapidly to others that a whole fleet is endangered. They burn so quickly that it is difficult to effect a landing to save life. During the late war a steamer left Memphis with several hundred soldiers who had just been liberated from the war prisons of the rebels. A gentleman had visited them with tracts and the Master's call. Some consented—two men wanted to wait for a more convenient season. "We will be home in a few days. Our wives are good Christians. We will go with them to meeting and get converted." That night a fire broke out on the steamer. About one-third of the poor soldiers perished. The next day the papers published the names of those rescued. Those two names were not there. They had promised to enlist in Immanuel's army in a few weeks, but in a few hours their corpses were floating down the Mississippi. They had deliberately resolved that for some weeks to come they would serve — whom? What should they have done that day in Memphis?

4—The land slide is another trouble. In the soft soil the river undermines its banks, and a mass of earth falls or *slides* into the steamer. Acre after acre has gone down, as year by year the silent battering-ram has worn down the walls of clay and sand. What power in those little drops of water! They *wear out* leagues of land. Great and wise Solomon was "worn out" in a similar manner. He says:—"A continual

Digitized with financial assistance from Government of Maharashtra on 28 February, 2020

dropping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." Remember that, everybody's nieces! During a flood a steamboat "rounded to" to "tie up" for the night. The mate, with his men, took the cable to a giant tree some yards from the shore. "*Tie to that rock*," shouted the captain from the deck. They ran up the stream and fastened the line around a pitting crag. At midnight a heavy crashing and splash was heard. A land slide had carried down into the seething maelstorm that very tree. Had the steamer been there, the avalanche of earth and trees must have buried her. My dear young friend, the storm is at hand. I beg you cling, not to frail hopes, but TIE TO THE ROCK!

5—The heavy roots of the fallen trees become imbedded in the shifting sands of the bottom of the river, while their logs stand obliquely down the stream. While swaying to and fro in the current they are called "sawyers;" when firmly fixed, "snags." Standing one day upon the hurricane-deck of a Missouri river-steamer, I saw the wrecks of three vessels which had sunk by striking those fatal snags. Only by carefully watching the bubbling current, can the sunken trees and sand bars be discovered. There stood our pilot with his eye upon the waters and his hand upon the wheel. What a responsible duty! thought I. Hundreds of precious lives, and whole fortunes of valuable freight, depending upon that eye and hand! But who can tell the greater value of the human soul? Conscience is the eye, will is the hand. Watch very carefully the secret snags and bars before you, and hold your course aright.

6—I will mention one more danger—that of *overloading*. I have seen steamers freighted with cotton and grain until the boiler deck was nearly down to the water's edge. Late one evening in 1869 the *Governor Sharkey* was leaving the wharf of St. Louis. The passengers gathered upon the side toward the shore, exchanging farewells with friends. The old boat, too heavily loaded, careened and began to settle. It rested with the upper deck just out of the water. Almost all escaped. Mrs. ——— had retired, and the waters coming up to her bed, awoke her. She told me how she caught hold of the state-room window, and held her head above the water. "I cried out for life," she said, "I did not think anyone could hear me, but I could do nothing but cry. Soon I heard a man walking overhead, and he shouted, 'Keep calling and we'll save you!' They hastily brought an axe, cut through the deck and drew me out."

How much this is like our rescue from sin! When we feel ourselves so deeply lost that we can only cry for help, One above us says:—"*Keep calling and I will save you.*"

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Bombay Guardian."

DEAR BROTHER,—Some of your readers would like to know what the Methodist Episcopal branch of the Lord's Church is doing in Kurrachee. I send you therefore a short account of the Sabbath-school festival which was held on Christmas eve, and was a great success. The teachers will be stimulated, a stronger tie will exist among the children, and they will be more attached to the school, and, no doubt, other little ones will be attracted to this nursery of God's Church.

Our preaching hall was very prettily decorated with leaves and beautiful banners, four of the latter bearing the inscriptions in large gold-and-blue letters:—"Hail, thou Prince of Peace!" "God bless our Sunday school!" "A merry Christmas!" and "Peace on earth!" "Peace on earth" was hung between the British ensign and the U. S. Stars and Stripes, and Bro. Goodwin, pointing to this while preaching on Christmas day, very aptly illustrated the peace and happiness resulting in the acceptance of Christ as a Prince, by referring to the peaceful relations existing between the various tribes and native states in India, as one of the happy effects of the control of the British, whose laws and institutions are mostly founded on the principles of the Kingdom of Christ.

Each Sabbath-school class had a satin banner, with the following mottoes:—Class i, "Search the Scriptures;" Class ii, "Watch and Pray;" Class iii, "Love one another;" Class iv, "Praise the Lord;" Class v, "Feed my Lambs;" and the evening's party commenced by the children marching in according to the order of their classes, singing "Marching on." As they came in, they were joined by the harmonium and piano. Sister Goodwin, who arrived a few days before, presided at the latter, and a small choir inside. About three verses were sung after the children got their places, but they still stood and kept step with their little feet, and before the hymn was finished, nearly every one in the room had caught the strain and was lustily shouting the chorus. Brother Goodwin prayed and offered praise. A short poem was read on the Saviour's birth, and between each verse, "Carol, sweetly carol," was heartily sung by the children. After another sweet hymn, a handsome plated font was presented to the Church by a brother; and a communion service, including an elegant solid silver cup, was presented by a sister to Brother Goodwin, who in turn gave it to the Church. Some more cheerful songs of praise, and then a work of demolition: for an immense table, burdened with delicacies, which up to this time had been very attractive, was vigorously attacked, and very soon its fine appearance was lost and its attractions gone.

A heavily-laden Christmas tree, affording very much amusement to all, in the distribution of its variety of fruit, and some more sweet songs of Zion, formed the balance of the evening party. The doxology being sung, all went home in good time,—the children with happy feet, happy hands, happy eyes, and happy tongues; and all with happy hearts.

The work of God is always extending; it is apparently so just now in Kurrachee. About two weeks back there were as many as nine seekers at one service. On Sunday evening Brother C. preached, the pastor led the after-meeting. Five stood up for prayer.

The church building is nearly completed, the roof only has to be put on. The pastor's house is finished.

Yours, etc.,
W. J. C.

January 1st, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your criticism on the remarks of *The Christian Spectator* on infant baptism. As it seems to me that in your reply the point of these remarks has been missed, I venture to trouble you with what follows.

The dissension among the defenders of infant baptism is not "as to the considerations which influenced the divine mind in the ordaining of it," but as to the reasons we have for believing that it has been ordained of God at all. The distinction between these two things is very wide. About the reasons which the Lord might have had for instituting infant baptism we might possibly differ, though to differ widely even on this would imply that the purposes which the ordinance served were not easily seen. But when men differ as to the authority for its observance, and differ so greatly that scarce any two agree, what are we to think? When one man says "there is our warrant for infant baptism," and another, practising and defending the same rite, says "no it is *not* there, it is here," and still another comes forward and tells us that there is no authority for infant baptism either in the one place or the other, but that it is somewhere else, is there no ground for suspecting that all is not as it should be? It does not seem to me that one can be blamed for concluding in the face of this undoubted fact that the true ground for the continuance of infant baptism is the custom of the churches, and not the Word of God.

I do not know whether the position taken by *The Bombay Guardian* is that baptism has come in the place of circumcision: but, if it be, I may be permitted to ask where I shall find the word of God which tells us this; and to ask further how it happens that the substitution of the one ordinance for the other appears to have been totally unknown to the apostles and to the apostolic churches.

I am, with sincere respect, yours very sincerely,
JOHN URQUHART.

Byculla, Jan. 10th, 1876.

(Concluded from our last.)

I remember waking up with my feet in quite a pool of water, and it was pouring still. There seemed no way of escape, and I could not keep back the feeling of utter wretchedness that crept over my chilled heart. If I could only find some comfortable little place to die in—I thought it would be all I would ask. But I got up, and wringing the water as best I could from my drenched clothes, began to make my way down to the other end of the island, where most of the company was gathered. Oh, what a picture! The poor mothers were sitting on the ground, with their little ones clinging to them crying and shivering, hungry and cold. A few men had come ashore, and they were trying to make a little shelter by fastening up the blankets on the sticks and poles. Eddie and I crept under one of these *tents*, but it was filled with steerage passengers, and their talk was so dreadful—cursing and swearing—that we could not stay; and again we went out into the pelting storm.

We had had nothing to eat all day, but a few little bits of *hard tack*. Oh, how many times I thought of the soldiers that day! I felt I had learned to sympathize with them. But the longest day will wear to a close, and just at night, to our unspeakable relief, our *gentlemen* were brought ashore. They too had their experience in the water all day, on the rocks, or the raft. But now matters began to mend. The gentlemen went to work to build us houses out of the rocks and stones. The rain ceased, fires were built, where we could thaw our chilled limbs, and begin to dry our clothes; and some more *hard tack* appeared for our supper.

I have not told you that Mr. Doane has in his care a young gentleman, returning to the Sandwich Island, who is an invalid. He is the son of one of the missionaries there—Mr. L. by name. Mr. P., a clergyman from New York, Mr. R., a fine gentleman from East Tennesee, a young man by the name of S., and a Dr. M., composed our party. I introduce you to these gentlemen so particularly, because the experiences we have passed through have bound our little party very closely. We are friends for ever! We had a *grand* fire in front of our mansion, and we sat around it for hours trying to get dry. But I was still a damp unpleasant body when at a late hour I retired to my bed-room.

They had heaped up some of the dryest weeds for my bed, had found a *soft stone* for my pillow, and the glorious star-gemmed blue above formed the dome of my mansion. But my troubles were not yet over. Those strange flapping sea-birds, disturbed from their nests—their quiet houses invaded by this hostile horde—were ringing their discordant changes in our ears all night, and the fear that they would come flapping in my face, drove sleep away. Then the crabs! I wish I could *throw* you one. Of all *queer* things, they are the *queerest*, running around with their little pyramids of shell on their backs. The island was covered with them, and they were perfectly ravenous, eating our dresses, coats, anything and everything—even the very hair on our heads, for one morning I found several of my shorn tresses lying loose in the bed. I think the barber's trade must at least have been a *new* one to them. I did not get much rest that night, and in the morning I found myself as stiff and *sore*, as might be expected. I was still *damp*, but this difficulty was soon remedied, for the sun came out with a power such as I had never felt before. Oh, that tropical sun when one is without a shelter!

But our gentlemen were rich in expedients. With four sticks for pillars, and a blanket for an awning, we had a place where we could sit and lie, somewhat sheltered from Sol's fierce caresses. And we were thankful for this. We had our rations twice a day, of hard tack and pork. Sometimes in the morning we had a little coffee or tea—without milk of course—and you would have been astonished to see the eagerness with which I drank it. After two or three days we had a ration of bean soup, which brought *tears* of thankfulness to our *hungry* eyes. I wish you could have seen the satisfaction with which Mr. L. and I ate it out of the same dish (an old fruit can), and some of the time with the same spoon! Of course there were some pleasant things mixed up with our *rough* experiences.

We could laugh at our predicaments, joke each other over our forlorn appearance, etc. And then we were Christian friends. We could ask together our Father's blessing over our frugal fare, thank Him for our saved lives, pray for our further preservation. And our morning and evening *family prayers* helped and strengthened us all. Then we were a musical company, and sang together all our strength would permit.

My *greatest* trial was the loss of my *precious things*. Everything in my trunks was *dear* to me, and it seemed as if I *could not* give them up—so discouraging it looked to try to get up another outfit. And then when I remembered all the *love* sewed into every garment, the pretty dresses that Siffie and the sewing-machine had trimmed, etc., and all the dear little gifts that I loved so much, I could hardly bear it. But the old *Golden Rule* bore her beating about pretty well, and did not go to pieces very fast, and the men were diving into her hold, trying to get some of the trunks.

One night they brought me my little black trunk—the end smashed out, the top smashed in—and its contents were spread out before me. I am glad that you who saw the pretty dresses folded and packed away, did not have to witness their resurrection. Such a mass! Such a mixture! Perhaps you remember that we put the pictures in the trunk with the dresses. The salt water had affected the frames very singularly. All the gilt had turned into a kind of *paste* that had soaked into and through everything else.

All the pictures were perfectly ruined, among them Abbie G.'s beautiful present. Mother's face, however, came out of the ruined frame in pretty

good preservation. Didn't I greet it with *joy?* Everything that had any color had imparted the same to everything else. But enough of this. Some of the dresses, I think, can be put into wearing order again; some of them are, of course, spoiled. Two or three days after, another trunk appeared—or at least they called it a trunk—but it looked like a bundle of blackened barrel-staves, held together by the straps only. We saved a few things out of that.

The day before we left the island, some one came around inquiring if we knew of any one by the name of Strong—Clara Strong—and said there had been a trunk lying on the shore for several days, marked with that name, and still unclaimed. Of course, we started to examine it. Edward had noticed the trunk, but had not recognized it—it had so changed. It was my *special* trunk—leaden color, you remember—but it was perfectly black. The contents were strewn over the ground. All my silver was in this trunk, and the baggage-master had taken care of it, so that I recovered nearly all. Six of the silver knives were gone, and my beautiful clap spoons were missing. But I was glad to get as much as I did. Oh, my dear *albums!* What a state they were in!—utterly ruined. A few of the dear faces were dimly recognizable. Oh, I could have *cried* then! But I *didn't;* and so our baggage consists now of one trunk, and the satchels full of *dirty, stained, iron, rusty* things. But I am thankful for these, and the good Father will supply our needs.

JUNE 4TH.—We were ten days on the island. On the ninth day two schooners hove in sight—and how the shout of "sail a-hoy" thrilled every heart! Six hundred and fifty souls were on the island, and the little ships would hold little more than two hundred. They sent off some of the steerage passengers, and the rest of us set ourselves to watching and waiting again. Not long this time, however. The next day (the ninth of June) our *thankful* hearts were cheered by the sight of two noble steamers coming to our relief. They proved to be two U. S. gunboats; and the dear old flag received a hearty greeting, you may be sure. Movements were prompt *now*, and in less than two hours we were off the little Rencondas Reef. We did not shed many tears at parting, and yet we did not forget that, but for that little barren spot, we might have found our rest at the bottom of the blue sea. We had found water too—a little brackish, and in slender quanties, but enough to save our lives. The two men-of-war were the *State of Georgia* and the *Huntsville.* The gallant officers and crew welcomed our ragged, dirty crowd with generous hospitality, though of course they had not the accommodations of a regular passenger boat. And now commenced the old experience of *sea sickness!* We were all so weak and reduced that we had no strength to resist it, and everybody was sick, So we lay on the deck, literally packed together, two nights and a day, wretchedly sick. They brought us our *rations* of hard tack and coffee, but I was too sick to eat. My good friends feasted *me* on ice, which was my greatest comfort, and Sunday morning we came into Aspinwall, and went to the U. S. Hotel to breakfast, sitting at a *civilized* table for the first timo in two weeks. The *gabbling*, crowding natives, ie their fantastic dress, and loaded with tropical fruitn for sale, were a constant source of amusement to mes At nine o'clock we took the cars for Panama, where the *America* had been lying in wait for us a week. It was difficult for us to realize that it was the *holy Sabbath day!* Of course, I was charmed with the tropical scenes that greeted us on our ride. The *natives* were the greatest curiosity to me. We reached Panama a little after noon. Our gentlemen were *obliged* to go into town and buy some clothes, notwithstanding it was Sunday—rather a curious experience for our clergymen. We left Panama that evening. The *America* is a comfortable vessel, though not equal to the *Golden Rule.* We find the Pacific equal to its reputation, and its smooth surface is an enemy to sea-sickness. I am hoping to do a great deal of letter-writing between this and San Francisco.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16TH.—We have just come into the harbour of San Juan, where we are to stop two days for coal. We are talking of going ashore and visiting a beautiful place about 12 miles from here—Virginia Bay. If dear Siffie thinks this account worth preserving, perhaps she will copy it for me. I should like to have some of the friends that love me best have the reading of it. They are hurrying me off. *Love, love,* a heart full.

CLARA.

—In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.
—In the hunt of the Spirit of adoption a man will see an evil of which he had no conception.
—It is an important principle that none can tread the world beneath their feet until they see a fairer world above their heads.

NOTICE.

REV. L. S. GATES, from America, will deliver an ENGLISH ADDRESS in the American Mission Church, Bhendi Bazar, Jail Road, on Sunday evening, January 16, at 8 o'clock.

All are cordially invited.

BOMBAY TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

A PUBLIC MEETING in the interests of this Society will be held in the General Assembly's Institute on TUESDAY next, 18th instant, at 8 p. m., GENERAL GELL presiding. Several addresses will be made. The public and all friends of temperance are specially invited.

Epitome of News.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.

—*Bombay Gazette:* "Mr. S. Roberts, a foreman of the G. I. P. Railway at Lanowlee, and the fortunate recipient, lately, of a prize of Rs. 8,000 from the Allahabad lottery, has been tried (at Lanowlee) by Dr. Fraser, the Railway Magistrate, on a charge of defamation, and has been committed to the sessions which will be held at Poona on the 7th proximo. Mr. Roberts was accused of having defamed the character of a Mrs. Heywood, who lately figured in the same court, the defamation, according to a portion of the evidence adduced, consisting in the prisoner having made a statement to certain people to the effect that he had had improper intimacy with Mrs. Heywood. One point suggested by the cross-examination of some witnesses by the prisoner's counsel was that this case would not have been brought into court, if the parties had not known that Mr. Roberts had received Rs. 8,000 from the lottery at Allahabad!"

Perhaps the prize was not such a piece of good fortune, after all.

—*Indian Mirror:* "A Mahomedan, who describes himself to be an inhabitant of Gva, somehow managed to rush up to the carriage of the Prince of Wales while returning to Government House from the chapter of the Star of India and throw into it a petition praying for redress of some supposed grievances connected with a case he had in the High Court. He was found unarmed and made over to the police.

"We are informed on good authority that the Prince of Wales had expressed his desire that Professor Moniar Williams should also receive a honorary title yesterday from the Calcutta University. Lord Northbrook sent for Dr. Williams at the Senate House and informed him of the proposal for his approval. The Vice-Chancellor, however, seemed averse to doing the thing in a hurry; and so the matter was put off for another occasion. That Professor Moniar Williams deserves the honor, and that in honoring him the Calcutta University will honor himself, few will question."

—A weekly English paper has been started in Benares entitled the "Benares Journal."

MONDAY, JANUARY 10.

—*Bombay Gazette:* "The reported fighting in Hydrabad (Deccan) is exaggerated. The Pathans, alarmed by the reported arrests of their priest, the suspected instigator of the murder of the moulvie, assembled for self-defence. Great excitement prevailed and blows were exchanged, the result of which is that one man was killed and two wounded. All is now quiet. The minister having repeatedly declared all needful arrests had been effected, the Pathans dispersed."

"The handsome new drinking fountain in Dongree Coolie Street, a gift to the town by Mr. Kessowjee Naik, was formally opened on Saturday afternoon by his Excellency the Governor (Sir Philip Wodehouse)."

—*Times of India:* "On Friday His Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone of a monument in memory of the sepoys, officers and soldiers who fell in defence of Lucknow during the Mutiny."

"Sir Richard Temple has finally decided against the claims of Buxa to be the site of a European colony, and two other places are now under consideration. One of these is within easy distance, about twenty miles of what will some day be the terminus of the Northern Bengal State Railway, which is to run just up to the foot of the hills. The water-supply, however, is not quite so plentiful as it might be; so this first site stands a good chance of being rejected. The other, a far more likely one, is in British Bhootan, north-east of Darjeeling. A fair number of applications from would-be colonists, families of some worth, have already been received; and a nucleus thus formed promises well for the future prosperity of the colony."

"The Cowley Fathers have been re-inforced by the arrival of five, and the sisters, of an addition of two more from England. The agitation regarding the Cowley Fathers caused by the Mazagon memorialists appears to be going on as active as at the first. The latter body have consequently drawn up a monster protest embodying about thirteen pages of closely-written foolscap as a rejoinder to Fr. Page's reply to the different counts brought forward by the memorialists. At the present stage the latter seem to have the better side of the argument."

"Lord Napier's collar-bone was found broken on his return from parade, where he evinced no uneasiness, carrying out the entire programme and remaining on horseback."

"The Feast of Epiphany was commenced on Thursday evening last at St. Peter's, Mazagon, by an evening service at 7-30, intoned by one of the newly arrived Fathers, and ending with a sermon by the Rev. R. L. Page. The service commenced with a procession, headed by one of the choristers bearing aloft an unusually large cross. The choir of the church was reinforced mainly by that of Trinity Church, Sonapore, the singing consequently was a vast improvement. At the termination of the service the majority of the congregation adjourned to the Mazagon School, to hold a meeting in connection with the Bombay Church Union."

—*Lucknow Witness:* "It will be a gratification to many to learn that the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has just held in America its annual meeting, though some $46,000 in debt, owing to the very 'hard time' for money in that country now, did not feel it necessary to diminish its appropriations for the India work connected with it. The sum stands at the same figure for the coming year that it did for the last. The decrease in the total receipts of the Society for the past year was only $12,000, which though, of course, not what it should be, yet, considering the almost unprecedented strain upon all the resources of the people by the financial depression, cannot be regarded as very discouraging. The total contributions of the year were $662,485."

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11.

—*Indian Statesman:* "A collection was made at the Civil Church, Lucknow, on Christmas day, for the purpose of erecting a parsonage, and Rs. 160 were obtained towards the object. The Chaplain announced that in future there would be no evening sermon, as the Government had declined after the 1st instant to sanction the usual lighting charges."

—*Times of India:* "Before leaving Lucknow the Prince visited the Old Residency, and also the cemetry, under the ciceroneship of Dr. Fayrer. At 12 o'clock he presented colours to the 14th (Old Buckinghamshire) Regiment. The whole of the troops in garrison paraded. Addressing the 14th Regiment, the Prince expressed his pleasure in presentiug the colours to the regiment, which he had known nine years, and which was about to complete 200 years of British service. He mentioned all the engagements the regiment had been in, remarking that all were signally successful. Colonel Howley thanked the Prince. The Rev. Mr. Cowley consecrated the colours."

"At Holy Trinity Church, Sonapore, special mention was made in the sermon preached on Sunday evening (January 9th), of Bishop Douglas's episcopate. Prayers were said by the Rev. Chas. Kirk, and the Rev. Chas. Gilder preached from Phillipians i. 21: 'To me to live is Christ and to die is gain.'"

—*Lucknow Witness:* "The American papers are making themselves merry over the sad predicament of the Rev. George H. Connor, Vicar of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, not simply because he has been found preaching somebody else's sermons as though they were his own,—this being an exceedingly common custom among the clergy of the establishment—but because the sermon which he preached at the funeral of the Bishop of Winchester was the identical one prepared and delivered in Boston some years before by the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, a congregational minister, and hence according to the Vic. not in holy orders at all.

—We are glad to learn that Babu Yunas Singh, connected with the American Methodist Mission Press in this city, has just been awarded a first prize of Rs. 500 by Sir William Muir for an excellent theological work in Urdu on the Fall of Adam. Original works by native Christians are much needed in India, and it is matter of great rejoicing when any book of merit is produced from such a source.

—*Bombay Gazette:* "We have received intelligence, says the Meerut paper, from Roorkee, of the death, under the most extraordinary circumstances, of Conductor R. Bruce, Sub-engineer in charge of

head-works of the Ganges Canal at Mynpore near Hurdwar. Mr. Bruce is reported to have been spending a very pleasant evening amongst his family circle and a few friends on New Year's Day, and that after dinner he suddenly left the room as if to go for something. Soon after, a servant brought in a note from him, and the company were startled by the double report of a gun. All rushed to a tent in the compound and found Mr. Bruce had shot himself through the neck and head by discharging both barrels of a rifle with his toes. The note he wrote is not forthcoming, and in the absence of it no reasonable cause can be assigned for the deed. He was a steady man, very popular, stood well in the department, and had no pecuniary anxieties. The matter is in the hands of a court of inquest, who may elicit some facts."

Wednesday, January 12.

—*Times of India* : "Delhi, January 11th.—At nine this morning a royal salute announced the arrival of the Prince at the railway station. The royal standard was immediately run up at the fort. The Prince rode on horseback, dressed in his Field Marshal's uniform, and immediately attended by the Duke of Sutherland, Lords Paget and Aylesford, and accompanied by his suite. The route from the station to the camp, upwards of three miles in length, was lined by regiments alternately native and European."

"On Monday a European named C. J. Ackrill was arrested on a warrant issued by the Second Judge of the Small Cause Court, at the suit of Mr. Pallonjee Pestonjee, of the Adelphi Hotel. It appears that Mr. Ackrill, who arrived here by the P. and O. mail steamer Zambezi on the 31st December, had been living at the hotel up till Monday last. During that period he had contracted a debt of Rs. 315 to the landlord and had also borrowed Rs. 44 from a gentleman residing in the hotel. On Monday, it transpired that Mr. Ackrill intended to return to England by the out-going mail steamer, and as Pallonjee naturally desired a settlement before his lodger left, he applied for payment. Mr. Ackrill did not 'settle,' and on Monday the hotel-keeper obtained a warrant and had him arrested. He is at present lodging in the Debtors' Jail, where he has the advantage of the companionship of a gentleman whose career was cut short under somewhat similar circumstances, and whom frequenters of Watson's will doubtless remember."

"The Singapore mail, which arrived yesterday, brings news from Perak up to the 21st December. Maharajah Lelah and Sultan Ismail have escaped together and are supposed to be hiding in one of the independent states on the east coast. The flight of Sultan Ismail has thwarted the object of the expedition : he has taken the "crown jewels" with him. His flight is conclusive proof that he had a hand in the murder of Mr. Birch the Resident."

"The Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution re-opened on Monday morning after a somewhat prolonged Christmas vacation, which was specially allowed this time, owing to the children having had no Dewalee vacation on account of the numerous notable visits which it received about that time from many of the illustrious personages who had come to Bombay to do honour to the Royal visitor. We hear that the institution is placed this year under the superintendence of Mrs. Jervis, assisted by Miss Klingelhoeffer. Mrs. Jervis is an accomplished lady, and has had much experience as a teacher, and the new assistant mistress also has had like experience in some of the European girls' schools in this presidency. They have been selected, we hear, from among a large number of applicants."

—*Bombay Gazette* : "We learn from the Lahore paper that the annual conference of Punjab missionaries, belonging to the Church Missionary Society, was to take place last Monday. The subjects to be discussed are this time, we are told, more than usually interesting, and will no doubt receive due attention at the hands of so many experienced men who are about to assemble. Among the reverend gentlemen to be present will be Messrs. Baring, Bateman, Briggs, Clark, Gordon, Hooper, Hughes, Jukes, Rebsch, Reuter, Shireff, Wade and Welland."

—*Indian Statesman* : "The annual meeting of the above school took place last Satuday, at 5 p. m., at the Rev. T. K. Weatherhead's bungalow, at Girgaum. There were a good many ladies and gentlemen present, many of them friends of the institution, who came to witness the distribution of prizes to the children.

"The meeting was opened by the children singing a hymn from 'Moody and Sankey's' collection. After prayer the Rev. T. K. Weatherhead, the Chaplain of the Girgaum Mission Church, read the report for last year, in which he stated, that at present there were ninety-nine children who attended the school, that the average attendence for last year was seventy-five which he considered was very good ; he also stated that Mr. Closson, the Honorary Librarian of the School, deserved to be commended for the great interest he took in the children. In conclusion he said that on the whole the school was now in a progressive state."

Thursday, January 13

—*Bombay Gazette* : "Head-quarters camp, 12th *January*.—This morning the Prince presided at the grandest review of British troops ever seen in India ; there being nearly 20,000 troops actually concerned, 4,000 of whom wore sabres. The country around the parade-ground was crowded from an early hour with spectators, and as there were a thousand elephants and camels present, the spectacle was singularly magnificent."

"The following details of the late murder reach us from Hyderabad. The Pathan sect of Mydharis had conceived great enmity against the Moulvi, Mahomed Zuma Khan, who was the Nizam's Arabic tutor, on account of a book written by him at the request of the Kazi of the city, to refute their particular heresy, but for the past two years nothing had been done. On Tuesday evening, about 7 o'clock, the Moulvi, having finished his prayers, sat facing the door of the mosque, in which only one other person remained, reading his Koran, which rested on a low lectern before him. The assassin, who is a Pathan of about 25 years of age, entered with a salaam to the Moulvi, and as if for prayer, passed round towards the sanctuary (Arabic, Mihrab, place of wrestling). Approaching the unfortunate Moulvi from behind, he stabbed him four times with a dagger, and started to make his escape, but the victim's servant, who was waiting for his master at the foot of the steps, raised an alarm, and a police peon struck at the murderer with his stick ; but the latter, dagger in hand, pushed past him, when the peon heroically brought him down with a brick skilfully aimed at his head. He was conveyed to hospital and thence to jail. He has since confessed that the plot was of long standing, and has given up the names of those concerned, who were arrested on the minister's return."

—*Times of India* : The light emitted by the fire-fly, and the phosphorescent light given out on the surface of the sea—the latter particularly observable in hot climates—are phenomena familiar enough to everyone in this part of the world ; the cause of which, however, is not so clearly understood, and it is usual to attribute it to phosphorous in some form or an other. The same phenomenon is noticeable when fish is putrifying. It appears, from researches made by Dr. Phipson, Professor Charles Robin, and Dr. Labouleime, who has made phosphorescence, or the emission of light by animals, plants, and minerals, a special study, to be caused by a peculiar organic principle which Dr. Phipson has named *noctilucine*—a substance which appears to be very widely spread through nature, being the cause of the light of the glow-worm, the scolopendra, the fire-flies, the pholas, and numerous other luminous animals, both during life and for a certain time after death. By the most careful tests this organic principle has been found to contain neither phosphorous nor phosphoric acid. This *noctilucine* is not only the cause of the phosphorescence of dead fish and animal flesh of every kind, but it is secreted by many hundreds of living animals, and it appears also to be produced by certain living plants—*e. g., agaricus, rhizomorpha,* and *euphorbia,* and occasionally in the decomposition of vegetable matter. At about 60 deg. f. *noctilucine* is a fluid substance containing nitrogen, slightly viscous, or only in appearance, which floats on water ; its colour is white ; when impure yellowish white, and when decomposed becomes brown. When recently obtained, *noctilucine* is highly phosphorescent, and the production of light is due to oxidation in contact with air. It is slightly soluble in water, or mixes so intimately that in the dark the liquid, on agitation, becomes luminous, but as the *noctilucine* becomes oxidised, the water ceases to shine. In hot weather, this luminous principle occasionally gets separated from the bodies, living or dead of various marine animals in sufficient quantity to form a thin oily stratum on the surface of the water. This oily layer gives out light when stirred or agitated, so that the air comes well in contact with it. This phenomenon is particularly observable from the deck of a steamer on a clear night, and many have been seen by most people who have crossed the Indian ocean. The same phenomenon is noticeable in many places along the coast of England during the hot summer months. It is possible to obtain this *noctilucine* from dead fish, and when mixed with water, it will, after twenty-four hours' repose, form a film on the surface, which, on being stirred or agitated, emits light. After repeated stirring or agitating the *noctilucine* becomes oxidised and then ceases to emit light. It can also be obtained from the glow-worm and scolopendra, and appears to be secreted by a special organ, just as bile is secreted by the liver, and this luminous organ is as special in its character as is the electric organ of the *torpedoor gymnotus.*

Friday, January 14.

—*Times of India* : "His Excellency Sir Philip Wodehouse, K. C. B., left Bombay in the s. s. Dalhousie yesterday, on a tour in the Southern Mahratta Country and the Deccan."

—*Overland Mail* : "The mortal remains of the Right Rev. Henry Alexander, D. D., Bishop of Bombay, were interred in the private burying-place of the doctor's family, in the village of Weem, Perthshire, on Dec. 21."

The American papers give lengthy accounts of the death of Mr. William R. Astor, who has just died at Washington worth 40,000,000 dols., and was known as "the Landlord of New York."

Amongst the deaths recorded during the week are :—Lord Cosmo Russell ; Lieut.-Col. W. McCall, late 79th Regt. ; Surg.-Major W. White, Bengal Retired ; Vice-Admiral F. Patten ; Sir B. Morris ; and Dr. Pears.

The New York papers publish advices from Porto Rico stating that the town of Arecivo in that island has been almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake. Only two churches and six houses are stated to be left standing.

—*Bombay Gazette* : "A more social and genial gathering of Christians of all denominations has seldom been witnessed in this city than that at the soiree held at the Baptist Chapel on the Bellasis Road, Byculla, which took place on the evening of Wednesday last, the Revd. J. Urquhart, the Pastor of the Baptist Church, being in the chair. A special programme was prepared for the occasion, which was earnestly and devoutly carried out with great zeal and perfection by those who were appointed to take part in the festival. The soiree was opened with the hymn, "The God of Abraham praise," followed by a short prayer or blessing by the Rev. Urquhart, the chairman ; after which tea and cakes, &c., were liberally distributed by the stewards and children of the Baptist Sunday and day schools to the large assembly, who did ample justice to the good things provided for them for a space of half an hour. On its conclusion, the chairman delivered his address, confining himself to the progress the Church had made during the past year under truly Christian principles ; to the young men's Sabbath morning meetings at that Church ; the children's Sunday school and the day school, which is more a charitable institution, and its indebtedness to Mrs. Brown, the teacher of the school, for her zeal and kind endeavours to raise it to its present efficiency. The school, which is still in its infancy, already affords instruction to forty scholars. The construction of a suitable building has been proposed, for which most needful purpose, the chairman invited the aid of the benevolently-disposed. The chairman also dwelt upon the evangelistic work done by the Baptist Mission in India, a work which every Christian Church of every denomination should engage itself especially in India ; for wherever the word of God is preached, they may look for convictions and conversions, and that their sole object was to render every man perfect to Jesus.

"The Rev. C. Harding, of the American Mission, Mr. Henry Conder, the General Traffic Manager of the G. I. P. Railway Company, the Rev. R. Stothert, the Rev. T. K. Weatherhead, of the Church Mission Society, and the Rev. W. E. Robbins, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, also addressed the meeting, setting forth that perfect unity and concord are necessary to meet with success in any undertaking, and that it was desirable that one and all should strive to promote the worthy calling, the faith in the Lord Jesus in whom alone man's salvation could be made perfect."

Miscellany.

—From a Bible Reading by Mr. Varley :

THE BLESSEDNESS OF TRUST.

See that man who is living with God ; I care not whether he be rich or poor, as regards this. world's goods, and I tell you it is the most beautiful sight in the world. One of the most sublime problems you can set to work out is, why it was that the Lord Jesus Christ was poor on earth ? He might have had, if He had chosen, a splendid mansion, a grand equipage, and a great retinue of servants ; if all this could have helped Him, He would have had it. Yet these, what some of us wou'd call the needed equi-

pages of success, were all wanting in His case. These circumstances, you think, are essential to success, yet how often are they wanting in the surroundings of those who have been greatly blessed of God.

WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH.

My friends, it is not always circumstances that ensure success. It is for you to see that your very weakness is an argument with God for more strength. Listen to Paul: "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities." Glory in them, Paul? Most of the people I meet make their infirmities an excuse for doing so little. But here is a man who has surely entered into the divine life, and he says, "I glory in my infirmities; don't take away my infirmities, I will make them an argument with God, that He may give me more from His munificent supply, for when I am weak, then am I strong." That is the result of faith.

But now, listen to this warning in Heb. iii. 12. I would like to have it written in letters of gold on this poor heart that speaks to you:—"Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God." "Oh," say some of you, "that is just my constant trouble—my heart is so

PRONE TO DO EVIL."

Listen a moment. If you have a heart right with God, you dare not say it is prone to unbelief. Liable, but not prone. I will not say that I am prone to sin, for "if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." And by so much as Christ is manifested in my heart, so do I expect that He shall be manifested in my life. He is the Life and Truth of God, and, therefore, I expect that His life in me shall be true to God.

Dear William Arthur, the distinguished author of that grand book, "The Tongue of Fire," remarks, "there is no law stronger than that law by which nature will have her own, and (he quaintly adds) we are made partakers of the divine nature, and that nature will have its own. Oh, that I could to-day bring many of you just to this condition of reposing, yielding trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I do not mean that many of you may not have known this for years, but I venture to say that tens of thousands of Christians do not know it; and the sooner you do know it the better for you, that God has better things in store for you. And if He has, why not search it out and find what it is?

DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE REACHED THE CLIMAX?

That we are regenerated, and that there is to be nothing else beyond? True, the first thing is to be saved, but there must be a continuous growth, and this cannot be unless we throw ourselves wholly into His arms. Oh, that God might give you an insight into this to-day? Then as you are living nearer God you will seek to be more like Him, and will grow in His likeness.

Do not suppose I am dealing in what people thoughtlessly call "perfectionism." No such thing. I am only speaking of what God clearly reveals in His word, an entire and utter dependence upon Him.

Here is an illustration. If any of you go out for a walk in the winter, or in the next spring (say in March), you will not take special notice of your dress or coat. No, the weather is dull and dark, and you don't mind much. But let May—bright sunny May—come, then you will have a thought of your dress: it needs replacing. What, is your dress worse than before? Have the two months altered it much? No, but you have got into brighter light, and so the dingy appearance of your coat is more visible.

So in proportion as we walk before God, the bright light will show us the horrid nature of sin, and we will be compelled to leave it off. In proportion as you come into contact with the everlastingly blessed One, will you learn the true humility which says, I ignore myself: I am dead to sin, and have passed from death unto the life of Christ. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."

Some of you, perhaps, were troubled at my exegesis—(not mine, but the Holy Ghost's, for He it was who taught me)—of this word

"DENY."

Well, I have since learned that a great German writer, although I did not then know that he had done so, gave the same exegesis of that word. It is not simply to deny, but to refuse to know himself. What does he quote to support this? Why, the very word that Peter uttered to the damsel, when she taunted him with being a disciple, and he replied, "I know not the man." If you do know yourself, if God has not got your old man buried in the grave of Christ, then you are dishonouring God and treading the highway of weakness and not of power. Dead you must be to your old self; but remember what follows—"alive unto God."

Now, again, ere I close, read the words of Heb. iii. 15, where it is said, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation." Such is the Holy Ghost's solemn testimony to us, who are living in the bright light of the dispensation of the coming—no, sir, of the *come* Christ. He has come; He has risen from the dead; and I charge you do not spend one hour longer in the miserable wilderness experience so common to so many Christians, when you may have, and *ought* to have, a life full of rest, dignity, and power, such as is indicated by Christ when He says "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest*."
—*(Word and Work.)*

—From a discourse by Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D.

The world crowns with the heroic wreath those who have been distinguished for valour in the field of carnal strife, "but there is something which has tried the souls of men more than the muzzle of a gun ready to pour its contents into the unshielded breast of a soldier." So there have been heroes who never set a squadron in the field, or bared their breast to an enemy's steel. To defend the truth when it is unpopular; to withstand the sneer, the pity, or the laugh which frequently assails those who stand up for truth and right, may demand an amount of calm courage which is not needed amid garments dyed in blood of the battle-field. And there have been those who stood up courageously for the truth when it seemed to have fallen in the streets. They have refused to compromise that which they believed to be right, fearless of consequences. Flattery and frowns, blandishments and dungeons, and the cross and the stake, have had no power to turn them from the right.

Happy is the man who can be assailed only because of his virtues—his adherence to religious principles. If any man will live godly in Christ Jesus he shall suffer persecution; but if any man suffer as a Christian, let him glorify God on this behalf: it is the greatest honour that can be placed upon a human being. And it is no uncommon thing for men to be hated for their virtues, for the life of a good man is a constant reproof to the vices of others; therefore the wicked will seek to tarnish the fair fame of the good. And such is the base passion of envy, that it "withers at another's joy, and hates the excellence it cannot reach," and will therefore seek to elevate itself by detracting from the reputation of another.

Fashion also sets up its great golden image, and commands all (as man is a generic term, including the whole race, I need not specifically name the women) to bow down and worship it. And this senseless, heartless, foolish power is established in the world, and society is groaning under its tyranny; but if we do not bow down and worship the prevailing styles, whether in dress, living, religion, and everything else, we will be subjected to the ban of society. It has passed into an aphorism: "You had as well go out of the world as out of the fashion." In the name of God, then, I say, GO OUT OF THE WORLD: you have no right to be in it.

There is also a great golden image set up in the form of of prevailing social customs, by which persons are tried whether they will do right or conform to the example of the company they are in. If the conscientious show hesitancy to conform to social customs which conflict with their convictions of right, they are met with a sneer, and are called spoony, puritanical, or methodistical—a dreadful thing, particularly the latter—and society turns against them. Many a young man has been ruined just because he has not had the moral courage to say "no" when he felt that he ought to say it.

A man who loves what is right, and is determined to do what is right because he has deep down in his soul a recognition of the everlasting blessedness of virtue, is not the one who will want to bring weak excuses for worldly conformity; for doing what he has misgivings in his own mind is not right. He who is in earnest about saving his soul will not frame weak excuses for yielding to temptation. He will not neglect religious duties when away from home, nor take that occasion for doing things that he would not in the midst of his acquaintance. If he is abroad, and rooming with an irreligious person, he will not be ashamed of his religion and go to bed prayerless. He will not engage in those things which are of doubtful propriety, but will avoid the appearance of evil. He will not sacrifice right to expediency under the wicked dogma of doing evil that good may result. In the performance of religious duties he will act with an eye single to the glory of God; not abating his zeal because he is not honoured with office and prominence in the Church. He will not lose interest in the service and stay away from church because a favourite minister is not to preach, but will go to worship God. He will not give his money in a spirit of vain emulation or ostentation, but with the purpose of honouring the Lord with his substance. In fine, principle, and not impulse, will be the mainspring of his religious activity.

Selections.

DISTURBED FAITH.

A DEAR little girl was told last winter by her mother that she was almost five years old—too old now to believe longer anything about Santa Claus coming down the chimney to fill her Christmas stocking. The child had the most implicit faith in all that mamma said; and when her mother told her that she was *now* in earnest, and that the real Santa was her papa, the little one sat for a long time silent, in deep thought. Then, while her little lip quivered with the tears she could not repress, she cried out: "O mamma! you haven't told me a story about Jesus Christ, have you?"

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A YOUNG man had been sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination, and power; but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often, in his walks, a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often, in turn, would he in vain urge his friend to take the social glass. On one occasion, the latter agreed to yield to him; and, as they walked up to the bar together, the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass, and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass."

It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

Oh, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass! Even in his madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer, as he asks for his licence, and pays his money: "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How many would say, if the love of money did not rule: "Take back the licence?"

WORK AMONGST THE LITTLE ONES.

THE KINGSDOWN ORPHAN HOME.

THE above little institution, which has now been in existence rather more than a twelvemonth, is under the care and direction of Mrs. P. Ginever, and is conducted on principles similar to the more widely-known orphan-houses of Mr. George Müller. Its history, though short, affords yet another proof of the faithfulness of the living God to His promise,—"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path." Mrs. Ginever thus records the Lord's goodness:—"Our first and only trial of sickness amongst the orphans came during August. One Sunday morning I found the youngest child, aged seven, suffering with sickness, diarrhœa, and great difficulty of breathing. A doctor in the neighbourhood kindly attended gratuitously. The next evening she became very much worse. Leaving my helper with her, for I felt depressed and weary, I went downstairs, and while casting my burden upon the Lord, there passed through my mind the words,

"THE PRAYER OF FAITH SHALL SAVE THE SICK."

I called the little ones, and, explaining to them that our Saviour had "all power given unto Him." I asked if they believed that He could raise our little sick one. One answered, "Of course He can." So we took the case to Him, and, going upstairs, I found the child sleeping soundly in perfect health. She awoke, and said, "I'm well. Jesus must have cured me, for I was very ill when I went to sleep." She had eaten nothing during two days, but now she sat up in bed and ate heartily. The next morning the young puss woke me before six o'clock, to play at bears and lions, and was quite disappointed when I told her that out of courtesy to the kind doctor she must stay in bed till he had seen her. When he came, he pronounced her well enough to get up.

"On Thursday, Sept. 3, my cash was almost exhausted; and I strictly adhere to not buying any article unless I have money to pay for it. I was going out in the evening to a neighbouring place of worship, but before leaving, showed the children what I had in my purse, telling them it was the last, and asking them to unite with me in praying for more. They asked the Lord to send a sovereign. Our little meeting over, I went upstairs to dress, and on coming down looked into the room to say good-bye. I was greeted by sundry embraces and a joyous shout of 'Five pounds are coming to-night or to-morrow morning. After you went we said, how silly only to pray for one sovereign, so we asked the Lord to send five.'

"As I went down the street I begged the Master to strengthen the faith of the children, as there would be just time for one of His people to post a cheque for the amount. I had such an assurance it would come, that on my return I watched for the postman, who brought a letter from Hampstead, enclosing a cheque for four pounds, with the kind intimation that the fifth was sent to the 'Christian,' to make the home better known.

OUR FIRST LITTLE WAIF.

"On the 5th of November, we had the joy of receiving our first very young child, a little girl, aged

five years, who had hitherto had a very hard life. We all united in prayer that she might soon be a lamb in the fold of Good Shepherd.

"I was conversing one day with some one who did not agree with me respecting the conversion of children—not imagining that this very little one was taking notice of what we were talking about; but a few days afterwards, while sitting on my lap, she said, looking very grave and nodding her little head, 'I don't care what people say about being 'verted; I know I love Jesus, and I know I'm washed in his blood, I don't know how He did it, because I didn't feel Him doing it, but of course He did because I asked Him, and I know I love Him, and once I didn't: and I know I wouldn't say naughty words now. I used to say bad words; I *caught* them in the street; but I never will again. When you love Jesus, you can't; can you?'

EARLY DISLIKES.

"Another little one, aged six years, was admitted, who had lost both parents. She took a great dislike to me, fancying I had taken her away from her brothers and sisters, and was very dissatisfied and unhappy.

"Finding her out in an untruth, I sent for her and showed from the Bible the punishment pronounced against lying. I then prayed and told her to go at once and ask Jesus to wash all her sins away and give her a new heart. From that time there was a change in the child. I made no remark to her, for I feel it unwise to be constantly preaching to children, and am sure from long experience it is better to sow the seed in faith, and leave the great Husbandman to care for it. The following Sunday evening I stayed at home with the two youngest, while the others went out, and was surprised by the child jumping into my lap, and kissing me most affectionately, saying, 'Bless you, you dear; you are a mother to me!' 'Why, I thought you did not like me?'

"'Oh! I do now, since I have been to Jesus I did ask Him to forgive me. He has, and I'm so happy, I can't help loving every day.' From that time she has been a most affectionate and endearing child. Her life is full of happiness, and her good behaviour makes her a general favourite.

TRIALS OF FAITH.

"December was a month of much trial. In the early part very little money came in, so that it was a hard struggle to keep the increasing family. Added to this, my health failed, and a severe attack of spinal irritation came on, producing great prostration and constant pain and sickness.

"The second day of the new year was a remarkable one. From the commencement of my illness I had wished for some one to call who would have faith to pray for my immediate restoration, and on this day a dear minister's wife brought Mr. Karl Andreas to pray for me. The injunction in the Epistle of James was carried out, and after repeating the closing verse of Mark's gospel, prayer was offered that the sickness and irritation of the spine might be removed. The doctor calling a few hours afterwards, was much surprised at the change, and greatly interested in watching results. The next morning I was able to get up and dress, and the dear children came into my room to sing and praise God for His great goodness.

"All pain had left, but the weakness still remained. I wrote Mr. Andreas to come again and pray that I might recover strength. He came on the following Friday, when he asked that I might be able to go out on Sunday. The next day I took a walk, and on Sunday morning went to chapel. Mr. Andreas has an institution in Hackney similar to that of Mannedorff, under the superintendence of Pastor Zeller. Those who are sceptical concerning this matter of healing by prayer, would do well to watch its results, for cases are invited which have already been pronounced incurable by medical men.—*Word and Work.*

THE WORK IN BROOKLYN.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Brooklyn, Nov. 6, 1875.

The first two weeks of the labors of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey came to a close this morning. Half of the allotted time is gone already. "How do things look?" is the question which thousands are asking.

As far as my own observation has reached, some aspects of the work are most favorable, other aspects are not quite what our two brethren could wish. The most unfavorable fact is that up to this time Mr. Moody has not reached (on the average) over five hundred unconverted persons at each preaching-service in the Rink! Church members have monopolized five-sixth of the seats—many of them persons from a great distance. I hope some of them have carried home a few hot coals, as a partial atonement for having excluded the very class for whom Brother Moody is laboring. This evil is to be remedied by admitting only non-church goers on Sunday evening by special ticket. If the plan works well, it will be followed up.

A second unfavorable fact is that the number of inquirers after the preaching-services has not increased this week, and the general morning prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle fell off badly on Thursday and Friday mornings. This morningit rose again in numbers; but what was far more important, it exhibited a great increase in the amount and intensity and earnestness of supplication. It was not an occasion for speech-makers to air their vocabulary; but a steady stream of prayer went up from hearts "agonizing" for the Spirit's coming. Even Mr. Moody curtailed his usual rich and fertilizing address, and prayed with tremulous voice and moistened cheeks. He has grown exceedingly tender this week, and he "ceases not to warn night and day *with tears*."

The favorable side of the revival is bright as a rainbow. God's people keep in sweet unison, and no root of bitterness is poisoning the work. The press—secular as well as religious—continues its good behaviour. Many souls are rejoicing in a new birth. There is an increase of personal labor with the impenitent. The Young Men's meeting every night in the Reformed church (opposite the Rink) continues to be packed. New cases of conversion are reported at each meeting.

One of the grandest blessings of the week has been Brother Moody's three afternoon lectures on "*Studying God's Word.*" He has dumped a cart-load of pure gold every afternoon among the Sabbath-school teachers and pastors and Christians of Brooklyn. He has made the Bible a new book to hundreds. This service alone has repaid all the time, labor, or money spent in the present movement. One enthusiastic pastor said to me, "Well, if Mr. Moody ever did a grander thing in his life than to-day's 'Bible-reading, I should like to know it." Before the revival meetings close, the bulk of working Christians will come there with Bibles in their hands. Mr. Moody always sits down to talk with inquirers, with the Word of God open before him. I got a peep into his famous well-worn "Bagster" the other evening. It is covered with marks on the margin, and on the fly-leaf is written "This Book treats of Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration." Would that every one of us ministers might feel that the "hidings of power" are only found in our hiding ourselves behind God's *mighty Word.*

The Brooklyn pastors voted, this morning, to observe the day of fasting and prayer (Friday, the 12th inst.) by union meetings, at the Tabernacle in the early morning, and in our own churches during the afternoon and evening.

Sacred song has never revealed its quickening power more than during these Brooklyn meetings. Brother Sankey has unlocked the Hymn-book, as Brother Moody has unlocked the Bible, to multitudes.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

The spirit that rules in a Christian's heart is the spirit of Christ. And the spirit of Christ is a self-sacrificing and self-devoted spirit. And this spirit will show itself in little things and on humble occasions as truly as in the most conspicuous affairs of life. Life is made up of little things. However long the journey, it is taken step by step. However long the story, it is written chapter by chapter and scene by scene. Grand occasions of action, and conspicuous opportunities of serving our fellow men, come to but few of us; and to those whom they visit, they come but seldom. If one be called, in some great hour of trial, to bear witness to the truth by going to the martyr's stake, it is but once in his earthly life-time. It is seldom that we can give up all that is fair and pleasant to us in life to secure the happiness of another.

But the whole long day, and every day, is full of opportunities to make sacrifices for the comfort and advantage of our kindreds and friends. And if we have the heart to forego our own choices and hopes for the sake of brightening the way of a companion, and making his life sweeter and happier, it is as much a triumph of the martyr spirit as though we consented to be bound and scourged rather than be false to our faith and our vows.

You are busy with your own thoughts or pursuits, believing and some one in the family circle calls your name; the call breaks in upon your musing or your working with an unwelcome earnestness. Now you can turn a deaf ear to that call, or a fretful and petulant face; or you can yield it a cheerful attention, giving interested audience, and suspending your own planning and doing to gratify and serve your comrade. Which procedure will love and self-sacrifice prompt? Can you doubt?

You start out for a walk with a friend. He wishes to go in one direction, and you in another. Give up your own choice for his, without letting him know that you have suffered any disappointment. That is love's victory over selfishness. The morning paper comes in with the fresh story of all yesterday's life. You take it eagerly in hand, and just then you catch the glance of another eager eye fastened hungrily upon the unread columns. Forego your own craving curiosity to put the sheet into the hands of this impatient spirit, and you have acted out once more the Christian spirit.

There is a favorite seat in the family sitting-room, to which you are making your way, wearied with your walk or your work, when it occurs to you that another as languid as you are was, perhaps, moving toward the same destination. Turn off from your road without betraying your change of purpose, and drop into another seat, and you have honoured the example and copied the spirit of Jesus.

In respect to all the conveniences of home—the favorite book, the most cheerful fireside corner, the fairest fruit, the tenderest "cut," the most agreeable companionship — give another the preference, and deny your own desire, and the Master will crown you as one in whom his spirit has won its difficult victories.—*Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., in Pacific.*

THE PREACHER AND HIS HYMN.

A Methodist preacher, traveling in the United States, found his way into Indiana. He and his family suffered deep poverty. A settler who loved him, being a large landholder, presented him with a title-deed of very many acres. He went home glad at heart, in freedom, as he thought, from his difficulties. Three months after this he came to his friend, the kind-hearted settler. He was welcomed; but he soon drew out the parchment.

"Here, sir," said he, "I want to give you back your title-deed."

"What's the matter?" said the other; "any flaw in it?"

"No."

"Isn't it good land?"

"Good as any in the State."

"Do you think I repent the gift?"

"I have not the slightest reason to doubt your generosity."

"Why don't you keep it then?"

"Well, sir," said the preacher, "you know I am very fond of singing, and there is one hymn in my book, the singing of which is one of the greatest comforts of my life. I have not been able to sing it with my whole heart since I have been here. A part of it runs this way:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor, wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my *Canaan* gain.
There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home.

"Take your title-deed," he added; "I would rather sing that hymn than own America."

He went his way, and sang his hymn, fulfilling his ministry, and confiding in Him to whose service he had sacrificed himself. Nor did he or his family ever lack bread. He is gone now to his "abiding home."—*Epworth Singers.*

"NOTHING TO DO."

UNDER this heading, our excellent contemporary, the Christian Weekly, criticises the lines,

"Nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do,"

and disclaims on behalf of "the Evangelical churches," the "doctrine embodied in them."

In the sense in which our contemporary takes these lines, we should discard them too, but we have not understood that to be the true or intended sense.

In the little collection of songs edited by Mr. Hammond, that hymn is prefaced by this note:

"The author, the late Rev. Mr. Proctor of Scotland, says: 'Since I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary; and I have heard him, now and again in bitter disappointment and fear, groaning out "What must I do?" I have said to him, "Do? do? what can you do? what do you need to do?"'"

This plainly shows that the writer of the hymn

Digitized with financial assistance from Government of Maharashtra on 28 February, 2020

had in view a troubled and anxious sinner, desiring to know what he must *do* to deliver himself from the condemnation of the Law. Now, what has the sinner to *do* for that? Is it not necessary for him to see that he can do nothing—that nothing remains for him to do? The lines next following show that this was the writer's meaning:

"Jesus died and paid it all,
All the debt I owe."

This clearly limits the import of the preceding lines. There is nothing remaining for the sinner to *pay*. He has nothing to *do towards procuring justification*: that must be a free gift, "an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and received by faith alone."

Some persons once came to our Lord with that question, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" He answered, "This is the work of God, that ye *believe* on him whom he hath sent."

To interpret this, as if the exercise of faith or trust were not to be followed by obedient activity in his service, an activity evermore prompted and sustained by that faith, would certainly be a misinterpretation of those words of Christ, and with sincere respect for our contemporary, we think it an equal misinterpretation of the hymn. A subsequent stanza is,

"Till to Jesus' work you cling
With a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death."

The aim is to show the sinner the utter vanity of all his doings out of Christ, or in other words (not any more scriptural), without trusting in Christ wholly, and only, for the remission of past sins.

The hymn does not teach that nothing "remains for the Christian to do," in faithful and loving service of his Lord, and in "working out his own salvation." If we have rightly interpreted it, it is no "ode to spiritual idleness."

THE LATE DR. GOODELL.*

THE biography of a good man is a noble tribute to the glory of the Lord Jesus; and especially when he, who being dead yet speaketh through the printed page, has occupied an important sphere, and made a deep and lasting impress on the world. Books of this kind have their own peculiar charm, and it is fit cause for rejoicing that so many worthy subjects of biography have in these latter days adorned the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour.

The Messrs. Carter have always been distinguished among the publishers of New York for the number and excellence of their biographical books; but surely they have never made better provision for those who enjoy this kind of reading, than in the two volumes which have issued last from their press. Having just finished the instructive and sparkling autobiography and memoir of Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, we opened this volume with the feeling that it must needs prove of inferior interest to the story of that renowned and wonderful genius of the Scottish pulpit. And yet so great has been the personal attraction of the subject of Dr. Prime's Memoir, the charm of its style, the instructiveness of its history of the religious and secular movements in which Dr. Goodell participated, that we do not hesitate to give to it the perference. Certainly, for American readers, this must be true. The forty years of Dr. Goodell's missionary life, around which much, though not by any means all, the interest of this volume clusters, covered the entire period marked by the movement known as the Protestant Reformation in Turkey. He was the first American missionary on the ground, and his wife was the first American lady that ever visited the Turkish capital, and they both remained at this post in labors of usefulness, amid many events of peril, until in their old age they returned to this country to die among their kindred.

But it is not merely by its narration of the incidents and experiences of missionary life, that this book delights us. The character of Dr. Goodell was a wonderful combination of genius and humor, of piety and common sense, of tenderness and fidelity to principle, of cheerfulness and consecration to the cause of the Master. Hence the *man* seems to be even more to us than his *works*. And Dr. Prime is to be congratulated upon his success in blending so naturally and gracefully the rich materials at his command, that throughout the book we never lose sight of the genuine Christian manhood out of which emanated so many wise and witty sayings, and so many acts of heroism and endurance for God and his Church. In this respect, the volume is a model of Christian biography. It would be a pleasant task to cull from the book some of its more striking letters and incidents, but our limited space only permits us to call the attention of our readers to what we regard as the gem of the whole—the letter written by Dr. Goodell from Constantinople in 1843, on receiving intelligence of the death of his father, which, as Dr. Prime truly says, must be regarded as "one of the most graceful and beautiful specimens of epistolary correspondence to be found in our language." It is too long to be quoted in full, but its closing paragraph is a specimen of the whole:

"And is our father gone, who prayed for us so much? Let us be thankful that the great Intercessor *ever* lives to make intercession for us; and more than ever let us avail ourselves of his mediation and atonement, of his grace and strength, of his righteousness and spirit, and more than ever let us now pray for ourselves, and for all our brothers and sisters. And is our father dead? Let us arise and give thanks to God that good men *may* die. Let us give *special* thanks that our father and mother are no longer in this world of sin and sorrow, and let us be more careful than ever to be followers of those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises, being sinners saved by grace alone. Thus ever prays your affectionate brother

WILLIAM."

The letter to his sister, dated Constantinople, Feb. 14, 1862, on reaching the age of seventy, is also a production of singular pathos and power.

And what could be more appropriate and felicitous than the few words he uttered at the close of the meeting of the American Board at Chicago, in 1865?—

"When I went from my native country in 1822, it was to go to Jerusalem; that was my destination; there I expected to live, to labor, and to die and be buried, rising again at the resurrection of the just. I have never been there. I have now set my face toward the New Jerusalem, taking Chicago on my way."

The whole Church of Christ is enriched by this record of a noble life, and whoever fails to read it, will certainly deprive himself of great pleasure and profit.

* Forty Years in the Turkish Empire, Memoirs of Rev. William Goodell, D.D., late Missionary of A. B. C. F. M., at Constantinople, by his son in-law Rev. E. D. G. Prime, D.D. Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

London, January 8th: It is stated that General John Forbes, C. B., will succeed General Sir E. L. Russell, K. C. S. I., in command of the Northern Division of the Bombay Army.—The *Times* of to-day states to be premature the announcement that France had given in adhesion to the Austrian scheme of Turkish reforms.—Sir John Glover has been appointed Governor of New found land.

—*Constantinople, 8th*: The Austrian Ambassador Count Zichy has informally announced the scheme proposed by Austria to the Grand Vizier, who repelled the idea of mediation between Turkey and the Insurgents.—The Turkish police has been remodelled.—Separate Governorships have been made in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Vienna, 10th: Turkey in modifying her first impression of the scheme of reforms as proposed by Austria, has taken cognizance of Count Zichy's Note, though objecting to foreign mediation on principle.

Paris, 10th: A Cabinet crisis has commenced: the discord is between the Liberal and Conservative Ministers.

St. Petersburg, 10th: General Kaufmann has returned from Khojend.

London 10th: *Obituary*—Viscount Amberley.

11th: Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Alexandra, will open Parliament in person.

Paris, 11th: Messrs. Dufaure and Leon Say have resigned. Marshal MacMahn, however, is seeking to reconcile the Ministers and to form a common programme

PASSENGERS SAILED.

Per S. S. *Ettore*:

FOR TRIESTE.—Mr G Parodis.
FOR SUEZ.—Mr Wegener, Mr Jiske, Mr Scherff, and Mr H Brann.
FOR ADEN.—Sixteen deck passengers.

Per P. and O. Co.'s Str. *Pera*:

FOR BRINDISI.—Mr A Steward, and Mr A Smallwood.
FOR SUEZ.—Mr J E Adshead.

Per Italian Mail Str. *Assyria*, 15th January:

FOR MARSEILLES.—Mr James Willocks, and Mr Quinnement.
FOR GENOA.—Mrs L F Dickson and two children, Col Bannerman, Mr Barnnerman and one child, Mr K G Burne, Mrs Burne and two infants, Rev G A F Watson, Mrs Watson, two children, and one infant, Rev Leopold, and Rev Gerard.
FOR NAPLES.—Rev Father Fulgentius.
FOR SUEZ.—Mr W Percy Clarke.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per P. and O. Str. *Lombardy*, Dec. 24th:

FROM SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr R Watson, Mr C E D Spurn, Mr W Bates, Mr W. Ellison, and Mr S Sligh.
FROM VENICE.—Mr and Mrs Purser, Dr W P Partridge, Mr H E Hoare, Miss A M Hoare, and Mr A C Tupp.
FROM BRINDISI.—Mr and Mrs Melville, Col A B Comberlige, Mr H F Bartlett, Mr R V Stoney, Captain R Jones, and Mr H Palmer.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTH.

JOHANNES—On October 26th, 1875, at Julfa, Ispahan, the wife of C. M. Johannes, C. M. Society, Nassick, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

ROBB—January 8th, at Broach, of convulsions, Nina, the infant daughter of Mrs and Mrs. B. Robb.
BAYLY—January 6th, at Ahmedabad, the loved wife of G. J. Bayly, C. E.
GROGAN—January 11th, at Nesbit Lane, Byculla, Bombay, at 10·15 P. M., Charlotte Emmeline, the dearly beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grogan, aged 10 years and a few months.

Advertisements.

THE
BOMBAY CHRISTIAN ALMANACK
FOR 1876
IS NOW READY. 64 PAGES, ILLUSTRATED.
PRICE, 8 ANNAS, POSTAGE 2 ANNAS.
For sale by the BOMBAY TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY
Messrs. T. CLARIDGE & Co; TREACHER & Co; S. ROSE & Co
ATMARAM SAGOON & Co; and DORABJEE JAMSETJEE & Co

BOMBAY TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY.

The Atonement; by Dale	Rs.	6	12
Conversion Illustrated from the Bible; by Revd. A. Saphen		2	0
Goldsmith's Poems and Prose Works, Illustrated ...		1	15
Gray's Sunday School Guide		2	9
Bagster's Scripture Treasury...		4	4
Beames' Langmages of India. Vols. I and II ...		18	0
The Kingdom of Christ on Earth; by Harris ...		3	10
Robson's Hinduism and Christianity		4	4
Religion and Science; by Lecomte		2	8
Webster's Dictionary, Illustrated		11	13
The Witness of History to Christ; by Farrer ...		2	13
Prescott's History of the Reign of Phillip II. Vols. I. and II		16	0
Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand. Vols. I. and II		16	0
Animals of the Bible		1	4
Picture Scrap Books		2	2
Delitzsch's Commentry on Isaiah. Vols. I. and II...		11	17
Illustrated Fly Leaves, Bound Volume		2	2
Crawford's Scripture Doctrine of Atonement ...		6	19
Oosterzee's Year of Salvation...		4	3
Lynch's Sermons for my Curates		2	13
The Unseen Universe		5	14
Mathias's Greek Grammar		2	4
Christ and the Scriptures		0	14
The Mind of Jesus		0	9
The Words of Jesus		0	9
The Pilot's Daughter		1	8
The Christian in the World		0	14
Bible Text Book		1	8
Library of Biblical Literature		1	0
Hymns of Consecration and Faith		0	13
The World of Ice		1	11
Norton's Genuineness of the Gospel		5	14
The Land of the Pharaohs		4	0
The Unrivalled Atlas		2	0
Kind Words. Bound Volume 1875		3	11
God's Word Through Preaching; by John Hall, D.D.		2	0
Strivings for the Faith...		1	6
The Superhuman Origin of the Bible; by H. Rogers.		6	12
Lecture on the Religious Excavations of Western India; by Dr. Wilson		0	12

etc. etc. etc.

Address all Orders to the
SECRETARY,
BOMBAY TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY,
Esplanade, Bombay.

BOMBAY SCOTTISH EDUCATION SOCIETY.
BYCULLA SCHOOL—PAREL ROAD.
Head Master,—MR. JAMES MCDONALD, Head Mistress,—MRS. MCDONALD, } with Assistants.
FORT SCHOOL—51, HORNBY ROW.
Head Master.—MR. A. D. SMEATON, Head Mistress,—MRS. SMEATON } with Assistants.
Music Master,—MR. JOSEPH SCHMUCK.
D. C. BOYD. D. MACPHERSON. } Honorary Secretaries.
BOARDERS (Boys and Girls.)
are received by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, and by Mr. and Mrs. Smeaton.
Bombay, 12th September 1874.

BOMBAY YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The WEEKLY PRAYER MEETING is HELD EVERY FRIDAY EVENING, from 8-30 to 9-30, in the General Assembly's Institution, Kalbadavie. All young men are cordially invited to attend.

A MEETING for PRAYER is HELD EVERY DAY in the Vestry of St. Andrew's Church, from 1-15 to 2 P. M., to which business men and others are invited.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor by DADABHOY DHUNJEEBHOY, *Printer*, at the ANGLO-VERNACULAR PRINTING PRESS, No. 28, Tank Street, New Nagpada, BOMBAY.